

Hurrah! Just one more week and we'll all be going home—Won't that be grand and glorious?

The Polygram

Who's going to be the next dance Hostess? You must work fast for time is Yying.

Volume XIII

SAN LUIS OBISPO, MARCH 23, 1928.

Number 14

GLEN-MONT READY FOR TEST FLIGHT

Private Peat Wins Hearty Approval

Hero of World War Tells How It Feels And What He Thinks.

Private Harold Peat, the much heralded assembly speaker, Canadian soldier who won the Victoria Cross, filled the expectations that the majority of the Poly students had held for him, when he addressed the first twenty-cent assembly of the year on Thursday morning, March 15. Private Peat's real name is Harold R. Peat. Enlisting during the first months of the War and serving until the last.

Private Peat knows what he is talking about when he talks about war, and during the past ten years has climbed to the top of the ladder in the lecture field. He has spoken in thirty countries to perhaps over two million people in addition to radio listeners, and his magazine and newspaper articles are well-known, as are his book and his motion pictures of war scenes.

After showing and explaining the war pictures which are considered by the United States Government to be the most authentic on record, Peat gave a witty lecture concerning the trials of war. He believes that the actual conditions of war should be presented to boys instead merely the glamorous side. Then if, when they grow to be men, they still want war, let them have it.

Pulling from his pocket his own war medal, he called the attention of his audience to the fact that for every soldier who gets such a medal, many soldiers and women and children help to fight the war all unheralded.

The lamentable feature of the last war, thinks Private Peat, is not the number of deaths—we all die sooner or later—but the poor sportsmanship displayed. There is little real hand to hand fighting in modern war. The killings is accomplished by men at machine guns who do not see whom they kill.

Private Peat was no slacker. He told of various thrilling adventures and of being wounded, describing in vivid words just how it feels to be shot. Being in a battle, he says, is just like slipping on a banana peel except that instead of recovering, one just stays that way.

Private Peat believes that America's entrance into the war did much to encourage the allied armies, putting pep into their slugging courage, but he believes that it was not America who won the war, nor England, nor France, nor Belgium. He believes instead, that the biggest factor in winning the war was the idealism and hope afforded when the slogan, "A war to end war," swept over the ranks.

In closing, Private Peat put forth the wish that all children should be told the truth about the horrors of war and not the supposed glories.

Besides being an interesting and energetic speaker, Private Peat proved himself a hero of peace as well as a hero of war by courageously telling up just what he thinks rather than giving us a re-hash of our preconceived notion of what an ex-soldier is supposed to think.

"Much as people talk of desiring peace, not until the efforts of school teachers and other professional people who work hard for the perfection of affairs of peace are recognized, as heroes of war are recognized, will we actually have peace," says Private Peat.

Peat Still Likes War Meals

Private Harold R. Peat is still eating beans! After four years of active service in France as a private and nearly ten years after the Armistice was signed, "Private Peat" still sticks to his army diet. Thursday noon, beans were served at the Civic Aud. A more appropriate meal could not have been served, as it made it easy for the boys who heard Peat to imagine that they were soldiers. Peat attacked the beans as if he were still in the army.

T. H. Ellsworth Speaks to Journalists on Advertising

Mr. T. H. Ellsworth of the Commercial Art Engraving Company of San Francisco was a business visitor on the Polytechnic Thursday, March first. Mr. Ellsworth's company has the contract for the engraving for this year's El Rodeo.

Before leaving, Mr. Ellsworth addressed the Journalism class on the subject of advertising. This address could not have been given at a more appropriate time, as the class has been studying advertising.

Mr. Ellsworth said that the field of advertising had just opened. Many men and women will be employed designing ads and selling them. Now that goods have come to be of standard quality, or nearly so, the brand doesn't count so much in the sales. To sell, you must have attractive advertising, and to have ads that will be read, colored display is needed. It is an obvious fact that when you turn through a magazine the colored ads will attract the attention of the reader.

A salesman now does not sell his goods, he sells his personality. For instance, goods are so nearly alike that it does not make any difference what brand a man buys, but it does make a difference who he buys it from. If you gain a man's confidence you may be sure that you can always sell him even if you're brand isn't the best.

Aero Class Go To Hunt Elusive Clams at Pismo

"What, sixty clams?" exclaimed the aero boys.

Pop Warren and Monty took several members of the Aero Class to Pismo on Sunday afternoon on a swimming party and clam hunt. Eric Varian demonstrated how to find the clams and Monty, Sinclair, and Brommer dug them. Brommer broke his fork.

Arriving back at five o'clock, Pop and Monty and the boys had the job of cleaning them.

Mom Warren and Mrs. Monty showed they could cook, by baking the clams.

And weren't they good. Yum, yum! Those going on the trip were Mr. Montijo, Mr. Warren, George Isola, Stewart Jones, Lloyd Marsh, Clyde Miller, Bob Hubler, Leonard Sinclair and John Brommer.

Everyone stuffed himself and there were plenty of clams left for the Aud boys for Monday dinner. Dr. Crandall and Mrs. Knott also enjoyed the clams.

Herb Reinert and Horse Have Disagreement

Herb Reinert was kicked by his horse Sunday, March 11, and was very painfully hurt. He had two of his teeth knocked out and also his face was very painfully cut, when his horse was frightened by the ship.

He is coming along very nicely now. More power to you, Herb, and also watch those wild horses.



Snaps and jokes on someone else are fine, but when it comes to being on yourself it's a grey horse of a different color.

Major Waddell of Presidio Inspects Cadet Battalion

Last Friday morning the California Polytechnic Cadet Battalion passed their annual inspection, before Major Waddell, U. S. A., inspector general for the Ninth Corps Area, with headquarters in San Francisco.

The battalion had their military maneuvers and aims and equipment examined by the Inspector General, assisted by Lieutenant Edwin R. Smith, O. R. C., of San Luis Obispo.

A large crowd was out to see the boys do their stuff.

After the review, Major Waddell visited the new National Guard Camp that is going up. He said this Camp will become one of the great military spots of the nation.

After the visit at the camp, Captain Duell and Lieutenant Smith were luncheon guests of the Major at the Cloisters, on Morro Bay.

New Poly Buildings Named by Faculty

Students will probably be interested to know just how the faculty voted on suggested names for the new buildings.

"Crandall Gymnasium," won as the name of the new Gym, with a vote of 16 to the next highest vote of 4 for "Crandall Hall." Other votes were, "Central Hall," 2; "Polytechnic Hall," 1; "Poly Gymnasium," 1.

The Electrical building will be called "Electrical Engineering Building," carrying with a vote of 22 to 1 for "Knott Hall," and 1 vote for "Engineering Hall."

The new College Dorm will be known as "Heron Hall," in honor of the congressman who enabled us to get the building, with a vote of 20, against 3 for "College Hall," and 1 for "Chase Hall."

Of course the president's home will be known as "President's Home," with a vote of 23 to 1 for another name, not mentioned.

Faculty Ladie's Club To Give Barracks Boys Games

Because they appreciate the fact that boys like "something to do," the Polytechnic Faculty Ladie's Club has voted five dollars to be spent for games for the boys of the Barracks.

The action came as a result of discussion started at the suggestion of Mrs. Crandall and Mrs. Funk.

The club meeting was held Tuesday afternoon, March 13, at the Hyer home on Dana street, and the hostesses of the day were Mrs. Hyer, Mrs. Funk, Mrs. Rider and Miss Kraemer.

Gay bowls of poppies proclaimed that the ladies are loyal to Poly, and one tiny lighted candle served to each guest, together with an abundance of cake and other goodies, announced that the ladies considered the occasion a celebration of their "first birthday" of belonging to our school.

Honor Roll

Fernando Alba	Charles Mead
Roy Allen	Bruce Miles
Rodney Baldwin	Gordon Miles
Harry Borah	Clyde Miller
Lloyd Bowman	Tomas Martel
Ray R. Brown	Clayton Noland
Waldo Buhman	Florence Parsons
Raymond Cline	Mary Parsons
John Costello	Howard Pendleton
Richard Dale	May Prewer
E. Dieffenbaucher	John Pimentel
John Doser	Earl Roberts
Della Fleming	Lola Roberts
Wm. Frederickson	Mervin Samuels
John Goularte	Carl Shepherd
Kendall Graves	Charlotte Smith
Dennis Gregory	Beatrice Stout
Dan Grewell	Willard Stout
Edward Hartzler	Leo Studie
Orvis Hotchkiss	George Sullivan
Clark Hutchison	Mark Sutherland
John Hubler	Leonard Tate
Harold Hogue	George Van Wyhe
George Isola	Phillip West
George Kohler	Ovid Wald
Gene Kurtz	Joe Wilkins
Ralph Lawn	Robert Wilkins
Florence Lee	Earl Williams
George Leonard	Wayne Younie

Flapper (to aviator): Mister, would you take me for a little fly?
Aviator: Why, not at all, You look more like a little girl.

FIRST STUDENT-BUILT MONOPLANE TO TAKE-OFF TODAY OR TOMORROW

Polytechnic Aero Students Eager to Try Craft Christened Last Saturday By "Campus Mother."

What is believed to be the first monoplane in the United States built by students is now ready for flight. The "Glen-Mont," christened last Saturday afternoon at Poly Field will make its first flight either today or tomorrow. The take-off will probably be from the city sewer farm on the Pismo road.

At a few minutes after two o'clock Saturday afternoon, March 17, 1928, Dr. Crandall climbed up on an improvised platform in front of the plane at the north end of the athletic field, and asked the two makers of the plane to come to the front, when with an arm about each, the President had presented the two modestly smiling aviators to the assembled throng, he asked the boys who had worked on the plane to come forward also. Some of them responded. A. Z. Sinsheimer, mayor of San Luis Obispo, made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion.

Then Dr. Crandall presented his wife, Mrs. Crandall, who as mistress of the little cottage near the boys' dormitory is known as the "Little

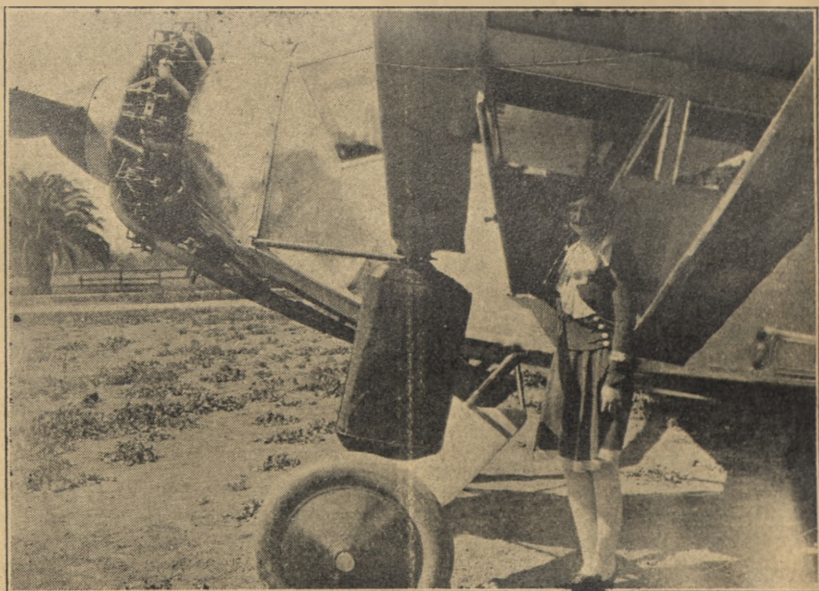
Experienced aviators who have inspected the craft declare that it is as fine a piece of workmanship as has been seen in flying circles and they predict that its test hop will show the machine perfectly air worthy.

Dual controls of the latest type have been incorporated which will hold the ship on an even course without human aid.

Four of the seats are of the bucket type, covered with the finest brown leather, and extend two by two, with an aisle between back to a wide seat in the rear of the cabin, which accommodates two passengers. Plate glass sliding windows will give the passengers and pilots an excellent view of the country they are passing over.

The big plane was exhibited for the first time last Wednesday night, March 14, at the dance given by the Aero Club at the Winter Garden and the excellency of workmanship and the interesting new features of safety and convenience caused much comment.

Future plans for the plane are as yet indefinite.



Mother of the Campus" and was chosen by the boys, as the fitting person to christen their work of art.

"Go good ship: In the name of a faculty of loyalty and vision and in the name of the faithful student body of the California Polytechnic. I christen thee Glenn-Mont," said Mrs. Crandall as she broke the bottle of Polytechnic grapejuice over the nose of the monoplane.

And indeed, it is a work of art.

The ship is a six passenger cabin monoplane, finished like the landau sedan, and modded somewhat after Colonel Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis."

Powered with a nine cylinder Salmson radial motor of 260 horsepower, and with a 64 gallon capacity, the monoplane has a cruising radius of about 600 miles. The gas tanks are placed in the wings, one on either side of the fuselage.

Even the wing struts are built with a wing curve, giving them a lifting power of 500 pounds, and every possible feature to lessen air resistance has been incorporated in the plane.

"Cyclone Sally" To Be Given at Civic Soon

"Cyclone Sally," a screamingly funny farce, is to be given at the Auditorium before long. The play will be given in the evening and a small admission price will be asked. The money raised is to go toward the fund for a grand piano for the new Auditorium. This is not the school play, but a three act play put on by the dramatic classes.

Mrs. Warren, wife of one of the instructors, and the instructors and students of the homemaking department have been helpful in the stitching of wing coverings, and other features requiring a womanly needle.

The mighty emblem painted on the side of the fuselage is the work of James Mason, a Polytechnic student of the Art department.

Frank Aston, Lynn Broughton and T. P. Ellsworth of the Commercial Art and Engraving Co. were the busy photographers.

Perhaps you will be interested to know the names of the boys who have helped to build this wonderful plane.

They are as follows:
Nelson Brown, Raymond Brown, John Brommer, Russell Carter, Fred Danielson, Robert Hubler, George Hadson, George Isola, Stewart Jones, Arthur Madonna, Lloyd Marsh, James Mason, Clyde Miller, Albert Proteau, Howard Pendleton, Victor Pickens, Earl Roberts, Emmet Schuyler, Leonard Sinclair, Charles Stryker, George Sullivan, Leland Tyer, Honore Vandenberg, and Jack Vierhus.

The cast as announced is as follows:
Jack Webster.....Ray Bartholemew
Reggie Manners.....Al Dawson
Jim Jerkins.....Merwin White
Willie Clump.....Al Hedstrom
Sally Graham.....Della Erving
Jenny Thatcher.....Florence Parsons
Ruth Thatcher.....Beatrice Stout
Effie Varden.....Mary-E. Parsons
Vivian Vernon.....Eunice Smith

Has he a profession?
No, I understand he works.

Alumni Addresses Wanted

Class of 1915—Alice Dodge, George R. Parsons.
Class of 1916—Hulda Brodine, Arthur Mathews, Ernest L. Fergus, Blossom Seward.

THE POLYGRAM

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 Junior College.....May Prewer
 Sports Editor.....John Pimentel
 Assistant Sports Editor.....Fred Elliot, Gordon Hazelhurst

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 Dorm Doings.....David Carpenter
 Barracks Breezes.....May Prewer
 Galley Slaves.....

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FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Stella Carse.....Journalism
 Mr. B. R. Preuss.....Printing

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EDITORIAL

LET'S STAND BY OUR WORDS

HOW much will you sell your reputation, your honor and your word for? Some price it very high—to the very sky tops, others consider its value very low. You ask, "how's that?" When you give your word to do a certain thing and fall down on your word and promises, aren't you selling your honor and reputation, the one thing a man has to fight his battles with?

So often around the dormitories and campus are heard the words, "Hey Bill" or "Hey John," whatever the case may be, "loan me four bits, I'll pay you back on a certain, certain day."

Nine times out of ten that fellow has no more intention of paying his friend back than he has of jumping off the Woolworth building, but yet he promises and in doing so is selling his word of honor for a measly little four-bit piece.

"Loan your friend money and he is your enemy" is a much used saying and more than one is the fellow at Poly who has found that saying to be true.

The result of this word breaking and down-right lying is making us all afraid of the honesty of the other fellow and we draw up in our own shell and paddle our own canoe. Perhaps this is a very good way, but wouldn't it be much nicer if we could take the other fellow at his word, and when he says, "I'll meet you at 7:30", know he will meet us, or when he says, "I'll pay you back on a certain day," know that his word is good as gold? Some can be trusted to that extent, but, sad to say, the majority of us are on the wrong track.

You may ask, "Well shouldn't we ever trust our friends then?" Yes, by all means trust them—once. Try them out, and if they fail on their word, you should consider them no longer your friends for they consider you as the "sucker." But when you find the fellow here at Poly who can be relied on and trusted, then hang on to that fellow as a friend and spare him nothing.

Maybe we should use the system of trusting the other fellow as Mr. Slack, in his address, explained the trusting system used at San Quentin. But such measures would not be needed if every one of us would play our part as true gentlemen.

WANTED! A FULL HOUSE

WERE you out to your last class meeting? Well, why weren't you, if you weren't? And, good for you, if you were. You were showing the "old spirit."

This idea of trying to hold a class meeting and having nobody show up is getting rather monotonous to those few who do have sense enough and loyalty enough to stand by their officers and be present at a class meeting.

A fine bunch of fellow citizens you'll make if you even neglect to take 20 of your precious minutes to attend a meeting, and yet it is you who don't attend the meetings who stand up and holler until you'd think your jaws would break.

A real meeting can't be held with only five or six there. How do you expect your class to take its place among the leaders if you don't back it up? Even when the Sophomores were trying to put over a dance and thus score a point for their side, you slackers wouldn't show up to help, but left it all to the few, and yet you cry, "Look what I did." It is the same way with, not only Sophomores, but Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors as well.

Every one of us knows when our class is to meet and yet there has been more than one meeting dismissed for lack of a quorum, or for that matter, half a quorum in some instances.

After this let's all turn out to our class meetings. They don't come often and it is the only way of keeping up on what's doing in your class. It even gives you a chance to see just who is in your class. There might be some one you least expect. Turn out next time and see just who are your class-mates.

SPECIAL NOTICE

THIS editor refuses to pass any judgment or make any comment on the recent rumpus over the girls' long skirts. In other words, he knows when he's well off.

Signed,
 Editor of Polygram.

POLY CHATTER

The old Irish saying is that every-time an angel is wanted an Irishman dies. Well, on St. Patrick's day the old saying was reversed and an angel came down in the form of little Ross Kennedy Fuller.

The little boy arrived early Saturday morning, March 17, to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Rex K. Fuller. The mother of the child was our music and dramatics teacher last year, and we wish the little new-comer the best of luck—Irish luck.

There was a bit of excitement Tuesday morning when it was found that somebody had left three faucets in the Mechanical Drawing room turned on all night.

The water seeped through the study hall ceiling and dropped to the floor over the desks. From there it seeped through the ceiling of the Physics room and collected in a puddle on the cement floor.

The water had been turned off Monday afternoon and evidently some student who wished to wash his hands left the faucets on. The water was later turned on and soon filled up the sink and overflowed.

No damage was done to the rooms. Polyites, especially Sophomores, are glad to note that Cecil Hathaway, who was a Freshman at Poly last year is back in town once more. Cecil is now attending San Luis Obispo High School.

When Miss Chase and Miss Jordan traveled to Bakersfield week-end before last, they observed that the wild flowers along the roadside are not flourishing as they were last year. There aren't many, and there "just aren't going to be many," says Miss Jordan.

What was the bugle blowing for at fourth period today? Oh, that was Tommy Carhart blowing a musical solo for the program in Miss Carse's Sophomore class.

AUD NOTES

Golf and baseball are now in full force at the Aud. Thomas Martel is practicing hard and Colt and some of the others are chasing the little white ball.

George Haddon spent last week in Santa Anna. He hummed his way down and walked back, and made it in six hours. We hear that he has made a hit with some blonde there.

LeMoine White returns to his home March 12. He is going to have his tonsils removed and here is hoping he will be back next year.

Horace Edrington was in a way, a lucky boy. At the track-meet he was hit by a wild discus, and his hands were badly bruised, but it could have been much worse.

Harold Folsom from Paso Robles who was in San Luis Obispo to attend the track-meet was Franklin Funk's guest at supper Saturday night. Harold visited Franklin a few weeks prior to this time. The boys enjoyed their visit together on each occasion.

Cyril Enlig is a new member of the Aud. He is residing in the room across the floor from the mess hall. Powell and he seem to have made a very close friendship.

Stryker went to Plamo for a swim after the track-meet.

Thursday noon the Aud was honored with five guests: Private Peat, Captain Ted Evans, Dr. Crandall, Rev. Taylor and Mr. Thompson. They were served a regular army dinner.

Victor Picken's parents were over for the Aero Club dance, and his father was one of the lucky winners of a free ride.

DORM DOINGS

The night before the big day of inspection, it was easy to see that shoes shining and puttees shining, plus the sewing on of buttons, was the main job of the year.

Due to the operations of the piano tuner, we have been able to see the anatomy of the Dorm piano.

The Dorm team was proud to win the baseball game from the Town. We like their clean sportmanship.

On Monday morning John White was heard to say: "Oee I wish I could go to sleep and wake up just in time for the Aero Dance Wednesday night. All I'd have to do then would be to comb my hair."

Never-the-less, Wednesday evening came and John marched down to the dance, plunked down his \$1.10 and stood around all evening because he couldn't get a dance with "that certain party."

STUDENT OPINION

LET'S HAVE SOME MORE MUSIC

We often wonder if the majority of the students, yes, even the faculty know what percentage of the entire enrolled student-body is represented in the band, orchestra, and saxophone band. Just to give you a little information along those lines, do you know that thirteen per cent of the entire enrollment are members of these organizations? Let's go a little more into detail.

The band itself has a membership consisting of eleven per cent of the students enrolled here. The next largest instrumental organization, the orchestra, has a membership that gives it a rating of six per cent.

The latest addition along instrumental lines, has been the saxophone band, and young as it may be, it has a membership of five per cent. Of course, these organizations have members that belong to all three organizations, but by counting each student once only, we find a percentage of thirteen per cent.

Now, after thinking what that figure means, don't you think the organization ought to have a few considerations? Now, to go off on another track, but still on the same subject.

The bands and orchestra have each played for at least one assembly, and in one or two instances, one of them has played for several assemblies, and at several games. When these organizations have been allowed to do this, we, as members of them, and from observers, hear many questions as to when they will play again, why don't they play more, etc. There is the question we wish to ask—Why?

The band was given a very special opportunity on the evening of March first to play at the Elmo Theatre, between the first and second shows. This was an opportunity to not let go by, and they accepted, playing several of their classical numbers. The patrons of the Elmo are NOT localized, as might be the case if playing at a game, or assembly. There, in that crowd were people from far and near, in all walks of life. AND—the band was highly complimented. If students from our own school praise them, and outsiders—people who are apt judges of music—do so, shouldn't that mean something to you?

The bands and orchestra have been working very hard for several months, working up many classical and other numbers. They have quite a few such numbers, and are ready to present them at anytime.

Would you like to hear an instrumental concert some evening? Or even an ENTIRE assembly devoted to instrumental music? Speak up, and let us know.

—An Observer.

It has taken a long time to get going under the "bucking" handicaps, but the Dorm Jinx is nearing its climax.

BARRACKS BREEZES

There have been two boys added to the Barracks Club since last write-up. They are Raymond Haslan and Robert Vahey.

Rosy: What is it that sounds like a buzz-saw or a screech owl?

Paul H: Oh, that's only Boon's Radio.

There has been several questions asked as to where Rosy was last Sunday. Who is she, Rosy?

The boys of the Barracks have been disturbed a little more than usual in the early part of the morning. I will try to explain. Mr. Charles Cornellison, Esquire, has just taken his morning exercises.

PRINT SHOP SKETCHES

Talk about Joseph's coat of many colors of old. The print shop can boast of various members having decorated clothes. Jerry takes the cake with a cartoon sweater, John has a similar sweater with the words, "Call me Pimle," on the back, while Ed has a pair of cords inscribed, "If I stop, can you?"

"Every one hold still a minute," said Lynn Broughton Thursday morning as he was taking pictures of the print shop for the catalog. Lynn is Poly's official photographer now.

Last counselor period, Mr. Preuss told of his various nick-names, "Big Six," and "Tex," but the print shop thinks of him really as a friend. Some mischievous "devil" placed a card on Mr. Preuss' desk with the words "Big Six," but all in all he is a good sport.

Mr. Thompson visited the print shop last week and gave the printers some more work. One of the latest tasks assigned us is an agricultural booklet on Jersey cows.

Last Friday was a scene of rejoicing and sorrowing for some. It was report card day.

POLY CRACKERS

Dear Poly Crackers:
 I've got an inferiority complex. What shall I do?

Resentfully,
 Wild West

Dear Wild West:
 Please apply to my secretary for "My Experience in How I Out-Grew My Bashfulness," by Jerry Cowell. Presently,
 Poly Crackers

JIM CRAX

Dear Jim:
 Before I met my girl I always had my finger-nails and now I have such long ones I have to cut them with a hatchet. What causes that?

Yours,
 Sammy McInnis

Dear Samuel:
 I attribute it to holding hands. Yours with Xperience
 Jim Crax

Dear Jim:
 What is the most popular coat worn on the campus?

Grace Sterling

Dear Grace:
 The campus as a rule, doesn't wear a coat. But the most popular coat for girls are: coats of paint, coats of arms and, for the boys, coats of tan. Yours emphatically,
 Jim Crax

Dear Jim:
 Are you the Jim I hear so much talk about here at school?

Della Erving

Dear Miss Erving:
 No, I am not, although I probably will get talked about, but the Jim you hear about is Glyn Naslund.

Sympathetically Yours,
 Jim Crax

The other day, the print shop boys all agreed that woman's place is in the home, but the girls contended that the man should support it. Pauline was the champion of the girls and Earl for the boys, and the rest chipped in.

The print shop now has plenty of juice. Last week some of the electricity boys wired and fixed up the lines.

Mr. Preuss has a new way of keeping order by having the unlucky printer caught distribute mixed type for one hour. A few have succumbed but the rest are on the watch.

AG NOTES

Miss Carse and Miss Knox brought their mothers and Miss Carse's father out to see the chickens and other interesting things of the farm. Miss Carse said that she did not know that we had so many chickens.

I am afraid that there are many among the faculty and students who don't know what we do have on the farm.

Why don't you take a little time to visit the poultry department, the green house, and the many other projects to see what is actually going on around the campus other than just a routine of the academic classes.

The roosters of the three thousand chicks bought by some of the students last February are almost ready for market. Let's hope that the price stays up.

NOTICE AGS—Your dues are wanted immediately, no excuses accepted, not even the aged one of broke, because you can work on the campus to make enough to pay them.

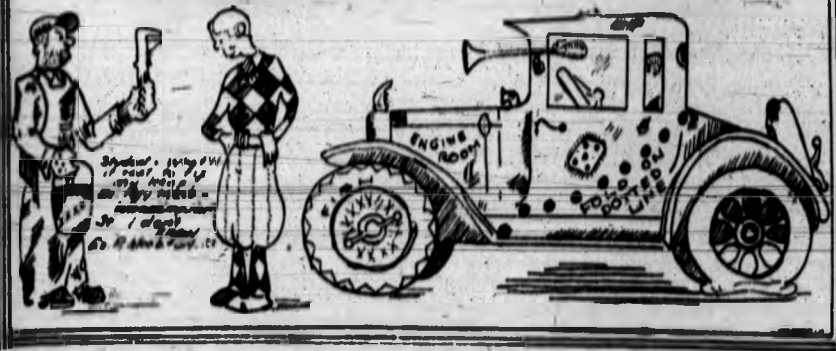
Two judging teams went to Gonzales last Saturday for practice work. These were five stock and tree judges. They will later go to Berkeley if they succeed in winning in the primary events. They came out pretty well in the contests, and brought home many ribbons, even one in basketball. The group hurriedly organized itself into a team which defeated four other schools and some of the opposing teams were composed of letter men.

Those who went were Alva DeVan, Louis Dutra, Rene O'Bryant, and Smith on the stock-judging team, and Jack Doolittle, LePine, Dan Gruwell and Rodney Baldwin, on the tree-judging team. The latter took first place in their events.

The next place that the boys will visit will be Hollister, and some time in the near future, Berkeley, for two or three days. If they succeed in placing there, they will get to go to Los Angeles.

Talk about school loyalty! It looks as if the Ag department is the most loyal department in school. At any rate, the mowing machines, planters, and cultivators are wearing new green and orange paint. The other implements will probably be repainted as repaired.

TRASHY TUNES



Al Dawson: Say, what is a waffle?
Ellen Margaret: I don't know.
Al: A corrugated pancake.

Paul DeWitt: Say, I have a girl with only two faults.
Earl Williams: Yes, you and who else?

Harold Hogue: Behold me in the flower of life!
Grace: Yes, you blooming idiot!

"Da nolve of dat guy," complained Buddy the office boy, "offering me six dollars a week. What he think I am, a college graduate?"

Dr. Crandall: What is a bigamist?
Wesley Alderman: Oh, why that's a man who makes the same mistake twice.

Mrs. Rider: I know why you put your hair in the middle.
Mr. Rider: Yes?
Mrs. Rider: Yes, every block must have an alley, you know.

"What is a divorce suit?"
"The opposite of a union suit."

Bobble Wilkins: I bought a tube of shaving cream and on the box is the line, "No Mug Required." I wonder what I'll shave?

Willms: Since you have been going with me, you certainly are a changed man.

Dan W. (ruefully): Yes, short changed.

Joe Wilkins: Did you have your hair cut?
Pauline Fittkin: No, I washed it and it shrank.

Miss Carme: I'm going to speak on Lars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?
Nearly every student raised his hand.
Miss Carme: Good! You are the very class to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

Miss Hansen: Girls in feeble health should take a tramp through the woods every day.

Cupie: What if the tramping would object?

Paul DeWitt was subject to fainting spells and before starting out he wrote this note, which he pinned to his shirt. To the Doctor: If I fall on the street and am taken to the hospital, do not operate. My appendix has been removed twice already.

It was dusk as Miss Knox stopped at the roadside filling station. "I want a quart of red oil," she said to the service man. The man gasped and hesitated. "Give me a quart of red oil," she repeated. "A q-quart or r-red oil?" he stuttered. "Certainly," she said. "My tail-light has gone out!"

Dennis Gregory: I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog.
John Hanna: Yes, in a railway accident. I was saved but the dog was killed.

Dennis: What a pity!

Orvin: Please reconsider, Pauline. If you don't I swear I'll blow my brains out.

Pauline: Oh, that would be a good joke on Dad. He thinks you haven't any.

Old Man (to Gene Kurtz on a hot day): Well son, how is your grandfather standing the heat?
Gene Kurtz: We didn't heard. He's only been dead a week.

The professor was asked to give his definition of women. After clearing his throat he began in his leisurely way: "Woman is, generally speaking—" "Stop right there, professor," interrupted Dan Wright. "If you talked a thousand years you'd never get any nearer to it than that."

Bob: He put on speed, thinking he could beat the train to it.
Waldo: Did he get across?
Bob: He will as soon as the tomb-stone maker has it finished.

Miss Carme: Who wants to write up Herbert's accident?
Budding Journalist: That wasn't an accident. That was premeditation on the part of the horse.

John Plimontel (while riding on a treet car) kept sniffing and rubbing his nose.

Old Lady (sitting next to him): Have you a handkerchief, sonny?
John: Yes, but I don't lend it to strangers.

Local Ad: Wanted a salesman; must be respectable, till after Easter.

Dumb: Why is the map of Turkey like a frying pan?
Dora: Because it has Greece at the bottom.

Beatrice S.: Don't you know any better than to sit on a chimney?
Billy S.: Boots me all right.

Mr. Selph: John Hanna, you are not doing anything. The devil always finds something for idle hands to do. Come up here and I will give you some work.

Mr. Preuss: You know a certain solution of nitrogen and glycerine makes the most dangerous explosive. And to think, we breathe in nitrogen every minute.

Witty printer: Hey, hide the glycerine bottle. We mustn't let Carolyn get away.

Half Pint: I'm going to enter the hog calling contest.
Harry Rowe: Fine, I'll be there rooting for you.

Teacher: Billy, don't pretend you can't tell me what a mirror is. What do you look at after washing too see if your face is clean?
Billy Swain: The towel, miss.

Mr. Agosti: What are you late for today?
Dennis Gregory: For class, I guess.

Al Dawson: I got my moustache on the installment plan.
Ellen Margaret: How's that?
Al: A little down each week.

As a farmer was leaving for the city with a load of produce, he asked his wife if there was anything she wanted. "Yes," she replied, "you might drop into one of the stores and get a jar of that 'Traffic Jam' I see advertised so much."

WASTED EFFORT
In deep dismay the woodpecker wept
As the shades of evening stole,
He had pecked and pecked and pecked all day
At a concrete telegraph pole.

Al: Are late hours bad for one?
Margaret: No, but they're good for two.

Miss Hansen: What makes you so sure you are not a fool?
Jimmie: Because I wasn't born every minute.

Fortune Teller: See that line there?
Bob Jeffries: Yes.
F. T.: Well that is your character line; it's crooked.

The Riddle

The band marched out upon the field
To do its daily drill.
The drum major shook a fancy stick,
It gave the crowd a thrill.

It was a sight to see the boys
Dress up in uniform.
The boys were holding up with pride,
Their newly polished horns.

Smith says, "All right now boys, let's go."
And told them all to play.
Some understood and some did not,
Much to his great dismay.

Too! Too! went Hotchkiss on his horn,
Before the others did.
And Pablo boomed a mighty blast
That killed the Captain dead.

The trombone boys were out of step.
The drummer was off his beat.
Before they crossed the lengthy field
They looked like many sheep.

What was the reason? Can you tell?
I'll make a little wager.
The reason, it was plain to see,
LaBelle was the drum-major.

F. R. G.

Tales Florida Can't Bury

(With apologies to Chaucer)

Spasm I

When the snows beginne to falle,
And the days are dark and drearye,
And the aire is full of cloude;
While every cloude is full of atmos-
phers.
When we begin to planne
To journey to new lande.

Spasm II

We gather at the inne,
To get our food and ginne,
In this fair little lande,
We have every sort of manne,
Some they have the flue—
While the rest are attacked by a case
of the blue.

Spasm III

First the real estate manne,
Who is very white of hande,
He goes to that faire lande,
To peddle lots of sande—
And make his pocket booke,
Increase in wealth and get more full.

Spasm IV

Then there is the ladye,
Who has lived for nine decade.
She goes to the floral lande,
To wed some rich young dande;
And with her the little girlie
Who expects to wed a Duke or Earle.

Spasm V

Third there is the manne,
That drives the big Sedane.
He journeys to that lande,
To find the fount of youthe,
Because is disappointe,
For each of his many joints,
Sound like they need a few drops of
oil.

Spasm VI

Fourth the bootleg manne,
He journeyes to that lande,
For there he will live and prosper,
Because he can bribe a prohibition
officer.
Then he will go to Fair Oulde Nassau,
And in the shade of the pawpaw,
He will enjoy a life quite proper.

Spasm VII

Fifth the hotel manne,
Who builds Biltmore Hotel,
In fact built many more than he could
sell,
He builds these large abode
For the people who arrive by the loads.

Spasm VIII

While last the working manne
Who journeyes to the lande,
To work for the hotel manne,
And he expects to make his last
stande,
Where the people are all happy
And are living from the fatte of the
lande.

H. H.

NUTS AND BOLTS

The Carpentry class is now studying roof construction. A model roof 12 feet by 14 feet is being built, giving the students practical experience in roof designing and rafter cutting.

The Steam Power class under the supervision of Mr. Knott went through the Union Oil pumping station plant near Santa Margarita, Thursday afternoon, March 15. A Corliss steam engine that is used to pump the oil through the oil lines was inspected by the class. The students were impressed with the cleanliness and efficiency of the plant's machinery. These aid trips are always looked forward to by the students for it is an opportunity to see in operation the machines they have been studying.

Jacobson and Lutzow are now adjusting the card holders on the distribution panel for the new Electrical Building.

The washtub for the new laundry which has been going through a stage of reconstruction in the Machine shop will be finished this week. A new shaft and water valve have been fixed into place and the bearings have been reballotted. The mangle is completed, and now works like new.

A novel arrangement for drying blue prints to be used by the Mechanical Drawing class is being built by R. Boon, Aldro, and Hartzler in the welding division of the Forge shop. The machine is made out of angle iron and consists of a table about ten feet long that protrudes half way out the window. On this table is a movable car about two feet by four feet that carries a tiltable frame that holds the blue print.

The Auto shop has been adding quite regularly to their large supply of tools. Last week a shipment of new tools came in consisting of a valve grinder, several jacks, crescent wrenches, and a number of special engine tools. The Auto shop is now able to solve the most complexing engine ache.

Storekeeper: Do you want a putter?
Bunny Stout: No, I'd rather carry it.

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Cal Poly Sports

Poly Tracksters Win County Meet

Win Over Combined Field Of County Hi Schools. Get 84 Points.

Placing men in every event, Cal Poly walked away with the annual Cal Poly Invitational Track and Field meet Saturday to retain the Mo-tel trophy.

Cal Poly annexed 84 points, a 16 point margin over the combined score of the other five schools entered. Point scores for individual high schools were as follows: San Luis, 51; Paso Robles, 21; Templeton, 11; Cambria, 3; Arroyo, 0.

Eddie Smith was high point man for the day, with a first in each of the hurdle events and a third in the discus throw.

Bob Robinson took fourth in a slow mile run which was won with time of 6:13.

Poly got first, second and a tie for third in the 100 yard dash. McBane finished first with time of 10:1, Duffen second and Hotchkiss third.

In the 440 Demarest and Barton took second and third respectively for Poly. Time: 51-1.

A first, second, and fourth in the 120-yard high sticks by Smith, Pugh and Funk brought in 9 more markers for Poly. Time: 17-2.

Only 2 points were made in the 880, Barbara placing third for Poly.

The 220-yard dash was won by McBane with time of 30-2. Duffen took third in the same event.

Smith, Hotchkiss and Pugh took first, second, and fourth respectively for Poly in the 220 low hurdles. Time: 24 flat.

"Stub" Tate took the shot put by heaving the iron ball 45 feet 8 inches. Orvis Hotchkiss took first and Duffen second in the broad jump. Distance 20 feet 5 1/2 inches.

In the pole vault the Carroll brothers brought in 3 1/2 points. Dennis got second and Emmett fourth. Height: 12 feet.

A second, third and fourth by Tate, Smith and Marselak gave us 6 points in the discus throw. Distance 116 feet 11 inches.

The javelin was won by Young who heaved it 151 feet. Traver got second and Haslehurst fourth.

Cal Poly's relay team composed of McBane, Barton, Cline and Duffen ran away with the relay event.

The day was a favorable one, but the track was slow making it difficult to place with good time.

Haddon Gets Nod Over Jones in Big Bout

Jones and Haddon entertained the Aero students Tuesday afternoon. Jones, it seems, wanted a hammer that Haddon was sitting on. When he took the hammer, Siccum tackled him and brought him to earth. Siccum seated himself on Jones' chest and pounded the floor with Jones' head. Dislodging Siccum from his perch, Jones invited him outside. Mr. Haddon politely declined the invitation, saying he had work to do.

A hammer was procured for Haddon which settled the affair, each having a hammer.

This was the third bout staged by the budding young pugilists. The first was a draw, the second was given to Jones, and Haddon received the judges decision in the last.

We wish that these boys would make an announcement when the next fight comes off, so that we can pick the winner and lay our bets.

The next fight should be a slim bang affair as both boys have been training hard. Manager Pickens is sure that Jones will win, as he has been giving his man some stiff workouts. Mort, who is managing Haddon, says that Siccum should win easily as he is in the pink of condition.

San Jose State College Baseball Squad Plays Here 31st of March

On the 31st of this month the San Jose State College Spartans will tangle with our Mustangs in the first league game.

San Jose is rated high in this sport and won from us last spring. Cal Poly plays San Luis High here, the Wednesday before this big game.

This game will be the last before the spring holidays.

If we know what we're talking about, the last copy came in for the Journal today, but it still has to be printed and bound, so don't begin to look for it yet.

Poly Net Team Shows Promise—Elimination Tournament Arranged

The Cal Poly tennis team looks to be a reality with the great interest that has been shown for the sport. A tennis meeting was held Monday afternoon with the gratifying result that eighteen men signed up with the intention of trying for the "Varsity." Coach Agosti informed the fellows that he had every hope of putting forth a winning team, but the fellows must turn out regular and practice conscientiously.

This will be the first time that Poly has ever been represented on the courts by an organized team. There is no reason why the school should not have tennis as one of her minor sports. We are growing every day, and while the institution is expanding, our athletics are also taking on a new phase of life. All Poly men, either interested or adept in the game, should turn out, as only by a great majority of competition can we produce a good team.

Manager "Pete" Funk has arranged an elimination tournament whereby the ranking of the players can be determined. The play off is to be as follows: Each fellow drew a number from a hat where numbers ranging from one to eighteen were placed. The players play a match set with his opponent of a lower number; the winner of this match plays the next lowest number, and so on until at last the individual merits of the men are known. The outcome of this tournament should be interesting and we should watch with interest the development of the future Cal Poly tennis team.

Regular practice is held every night to prepare for the matches that are to be scheduled in the near future. Tournament play is looked forward to with such schools as San Jose State Teachers, Santa Maria Junior College, San Luis High School, Paso Robles American Legion and Santa Barbara State Teachers College. A four man team will be sent up to Stanford on May 5 to represent Poly in tournament play.

The following men have signed up for the team: Twisselman, Swain, Champlain, Brown, Mitchell, Montano, N. Young, Hal Roberts, A. Gabriel, W. Jacobson, Tom Carhart, W. Alderman, M. White, Al Dawson, Pete Funk, and Royal Pleasants.

Baseballers Beat Santa Maria Nine

Truck Carter Leads Hitters In 10 to 5 Victory Over Beangrowers.

Coach "Mel" Rider's baseball toasters made their 1928 debut with a 10 to 5 victory over Santa Maria on Poly field Saturday morning.

"Truck" Carter led all hitting for the day with three hits and a walk for as many trips to the plate, a perfect average of .1000.

Santa Maria came to bat first and almost lifted Haslehurst off the mound. Three runs crossed the plate before they were halted. In the second half of that inning Cal Poly knocked the pill to all corners of the lot and shoved over six runs. After that wild first inning both teams settled down, Santa Maria getting only two more tallies and Cal Poly four in the remaining six innings.

Iliff, a lefthander, replaced Pierce on the mound for the Beangrowers in the fourth frame and "Foo" Young went in for Haslehurst the last inning. "Foo" chucked a hitless inning.

The lineup: Pimentel, 1B; Canet, CF; Haslehurst, P; Carter, RF; Montano, 3B; Hogue, 3B; Hadlock, 3B; Monsen, C; Young, LF; Burum, 2B; Costello, 3B.

"What is a divorce suit?"

"The opposite of a union suit."

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Tracksters Beat Santa Maria J.C.

McBane Ties World's Record In Century—Hotchkiss High Point.

Cal Poly started her track season successfully by defeating the combined forces of Santa Maria Junior College and Santa Maria High School, by a score of 62-51.

Sammy McBane tied the world's record in the 100 yard dash by running that event in 9.6 seconds. His time, however, is not official, being caught by only two timers. In later meets, Sammy will have a chance to set an official record.

Hotchkiss starred in the broad jump with a leap of 22 feet 2 inches.

Summary:
Mile run—Crossman, S. M., first; Bob Robinson, P., second; Clink, P., third. Time, 5 minutes, 9 seconds.

100-yard dash—McBane, P., first; Hays, Santa Maria, second; Hotchkiss P., third. Time, 9.6 seconds.

120-yard high hurdles—Pugh, P., first; Smith, P., second; Funk, P., third. Time, 17 seconds flat.

220-yard dash—McBane, P., first; Duffin, P., second; Bassini, S. M., third. Time, 22.1 seconds.

880-yard run—Mitchell, S. M., first; Sitsomjai, S. M., second; Barbara, P., third. Time, 3 min., 17 seconds.

440-yard run—Correll, S. M., first; Demarest, P., second; Dennigan, S. M., third. Time, 55 seconds.

220 low hurdles—Hotchkiss, P., first; Talley, S. M., second; Smith, P., third. Time, 26 sec. flat.

Shot put—Tate, P., first; Delportos, S. M., second; Carter, P., third. Distance, 44 feet, 10 inches.

Discus throw—Tate, P., first; Dominguez, S. M., second; Marselak, P., third. Distance, 101 feet.

Pole Vault—Taylor, S. M., first; Carroll, P., and Talley, S. M., tied for second. Height 11 feet 2 inches.

High Jump—Traver P., first; Brickley, S. M., second; Funk, P., third. Height 5 feet 7 inches.

Broad jump—Hotchkiss, P., first; Talley, S. M., second; Bassini, S. M., third. Distance 22 feet 2 inches.

Relay won by Santa Maria.

Baseball Teams To Play Double Header at Santa Maria on Saturday

Both the varsity and the second team will have a game to play on Saturday when the squad journeys to Santa Maria. In the morning the second nine meets Lompoc High first stringers and in the afternoon a return game will be played between Santa Maria and the Cal Poly varsity. No definite lineups have been announced by Coach Rider, but he states they will lineup very nearly the same as in last week's game.

Dorm Club Blanks Town Nine in Series Opener—Teams in Return Game

The Dorm Club baseball team took the lead in the Dorm-Town series by winning 2 to 0 in the opening game. The game was played after school on last Thursday and was called at the end of the fourth inning, because of darkness.

George Isola's Town nine came to bat first and were retired in order. In their half of the first inning, the Dorm drew first blood when "Foo" Young sapped a two bagger scoring Pimentel who had reached base on a fly to center. "Foo" crossed the plate a moment later making the tally 2 to 0. No more scoring was done.

In spite of the cold weather the grand-stand was filled with cheering fans who were on hand boosting for their favorites.

Batteries—Dorm: Haslehurst and Monsen; Town: Traver, Marsh and Isola.

SPORT BRIEFS

"Thornton Lee Pitches No Run, No Hit Game For Seals," reads a San Francisco headline. Just more proof that Cal Poly's contribution to the Coast League is making good.

"Truck" Carter is out to break his 1927 batting record of .500. In the opening game last Saturday he turned in a perfect average of .1000.

Sammy McBane is favored to win the 100 and 220 events at the annual Cal Coast Conference Meet to be held at Stanford on May 5.

A Sad, Sad Story

The sad, sad story of an aviator who—go on and read it.

It seems that once upon a time an aviator died and went to Heaven (where he had no business at all to go) and through some mistake or oversight of the doorman he crashed the gate. While he was waiting for his wings to be fitted and his golden harp to be tuned up, he persuaded a stray angel to show him the sights. In their wanderings they came upon a beautiful flying field, perfectly marked and ideal in every respect.

The aviator looked around and, seeing no planes, asked, "Having such a fine field, you must have some wonderful crates; are they all in those hangars?" The angel, who was becoming quite friendly, smiled sadly and replied, "All the planes have been condemned to the nether regions."

Whereupon the aviator made all haste in shaking the cloud wisps and star dust from his heels and betook himself to hades (where he should have gone in the first place). His Satanic Majesty took him by the arm and showed him hangar after hangar of the most beautiful planes he had ever seen.

"This is the place for me; where's the field?" said the aviator.

A broad grin spread over Satan's face as he replied, "We haven't no field—that's the hell of it."

School Surveyors Take True North From Polaris

In an observation made Tuesday night at 7:45, the surveying class established two fixed points by which the true north can be taken at any time. Calculations show that at 7:45 p. m., March 20, the star Polaris is one degree, twenty-one minutes west of the true north. By sighting the instrument on Polaris, and turning off an angle to some fixed point, the bearing of the line from where the instrument is set, up to the illuminated point may be calculated the true north.

This is a true bearing of this line, and it may be referred to at any time later, and from this any day, the bearing of any line may be checked.

At San Luis Obispo, the magnetic north is 17 degrees east of the true

Notice!

The Polygram wishes to express the sympathy of the students and faculty to Kenneth Seigler who has lost an aunt, a cousin, and an uncle in the recent disaster at Fillmore; to Ellsworth Anderson who has lost an uncle and cousin, and also to James Mason whose grandfather has recently passed away.

Maglor Busick, Walter Gothright, and Kenneth Seigler drove to Fillmore last week because their homes are there. They found their homes to be safe, but the disaster as dreadful as reported. Kenneth's aunt, uncle, and cousin were amongst the victims. Their bodies were recovered.

Because four innings does not constitute an official baseball game, the Town asked for a return game which was promptly granted by the Dorm Club, although the agreement had been to cease play at about twenty to six and call it a game regardless of the inning. The present agreement calls for the winning of two out of a three-game series.

The return match was slated for Wednesday of this week, but as the sports page forms go to press early, Thursday morning, it was necessary to carry over the story to the next Polygram.

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